

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

#### Usage guidelines

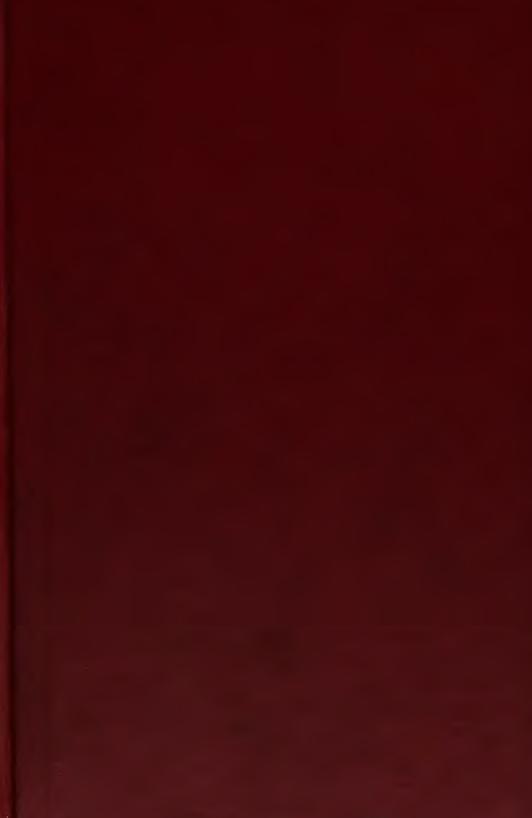
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

#### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/





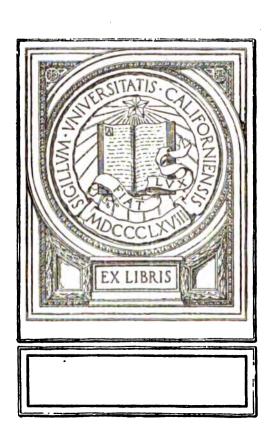


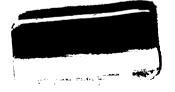
-.

· •

.

·





L X X

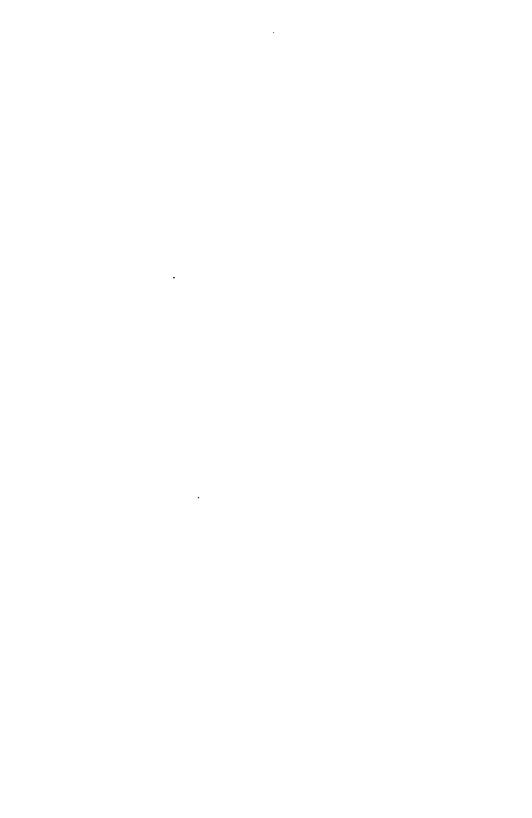
•

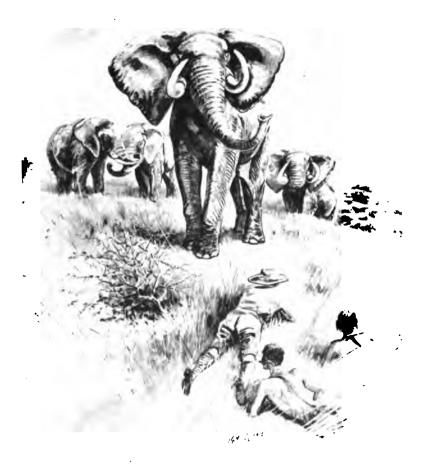
•

1		
	,	

A	SPORTSMAN'S	WANDERINGS	







AN UNEXPECTED MEETING.

•

•

.



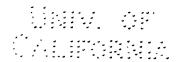
# A SPORTSMAN'S WANDERINGS

#### BY

## J. G. MILLAIS

AUTHOR OF
"A BREATH FROM THE VELDT," "BRITISH DIVING DUCKS," "THE MANHALS OF
GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND," "HEWFOUNDLAND AND ITS UNTRODDEN
WAYS," "THE LUFE OF F. C. SELOUS, D.S.O.," ETC.

WITH 4 COLLOTYPE PLATES AND 11 OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS FROM AUTHOR'S DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS



BOSTON AND NEW YORK
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
1920



Printed in England.

GO VIRU AMEGRANA

### INTRODUCTION

This book describes incidents of my own life and in the lives of others I have known; travels in search of big game and Natural History; letters of strange interest by all kinds of men living in many lands; sidelights on the Great War, in fact a conglomeration of anything in life that might prove of interest to men and women who move about and do things a little out of the ordinary ruck. They have been set down rather as the spirit moved me to write, and if somewhat disjointed, I trust they will appeal to other rovers like myself. If variety is the spice of life, perhaps even such tales as these may find their readers amongst those who have followed the open road.

J. G. MILLAIS.

Compton's Brow, Horsham. July 1919.

436399



#### CONTENTS

## CHAPTER I

PAGE 1

81

WHEN I WAS YOUNG

My first shot—Disastrous results—The catapult—A weapon of precision—Early experiences—Begin my ornithological collection—Marlborough days—Always in trouble—Misunderstood—"Dicky" Richardson's generosity—The Misunderstood—"Dicky" Richardson's generosity—The Misunderstood—"Dicky" Richardson's generosity—The Misunderstood—"Dicky" Richardson's generosity—The "viper" Clark incident—My House Master's unfairness—Pat Drury—How I outwitted him—School and town boys' enmity—A duel with Dixon—A battle royal—Temporary success—A disastrous ending—A final shot—Reginald Cholmondely—His collections—Happy days at Condover—The "tame" roebuck—John Gould—The six-wired Bird of Paradise—Gould's bad temper—His magnanimity—Mark Twain—Sharp the gamekeeper—The death of the greyhounds—Methods of poaching hares—Early bicycles—My first gun—Wanderings by the sea—Three times round the Scottish coasts—"Jet," my dog—A rough life—Methods of hunting—Loch Leven—Shooting and fishing there—First visit to the Orkneys—George Jeffery—The great snowstorm of January 1886—Snowbound in Thurso—Capture of rare gulls—How England won the Rugby football match of 1886—Days in Orkney—Trout fishing—Johnny Lyon's wonderful trout—Stalking Grey Mullet—Sir William Harcourt—His caution—The incident of the Black-throated Diver—Bird-collecting and its difficulties—The Curlew Sandpiper—Bad luck.

#### CHAPTER II

#### SOME EARLY EXPERIENCES IN SHOOTING

The first ejector guns—The three roebucks—The destruction of New Mill—My guns destroyed—John Whiteford's plucky act—My father's common-sense—Shooting in the Tay Estuary—A dangerous place—The risks of punt-shooting—Six seasons on the Northern Firths—Nearly drowned in the Eden Estuary—A wonderful escape—The big gun bursts—Hugh Smith—Woodcock hunting in August—Five Woodcock killed from one spot—Unusual right and left shots—Curious shots—A big day at Woodcock—Do Woodcock carry their young?—P. D.

Henry Seebohm gives me work—Visit to Western Americ—Cramming at "James's"—Join the Seaforth Highlandes—Colonel Cumberland—Visit to the Pamirs prohibited-Game Birds and Shooting Sketches a success—Leave the Army and go to South Africa—Variety the spice of life-The profits of scientific literature.	— 10
CHAPTER III	
TBAVELS IN ICELAND, 1889	. 50
The Dock Strike—Captain Brown—A curious voyage-Reach Iceland—Voyage round the North coast—Thorgrimmer Gudmansen—Emigrants—Fine scenery-A foreign "sportsman"—Reach Akuyreri—Bird life-Iceland ponies—Their endurance—Start for Myvatn-Godafoss—The Whimbrel—The big trout of the Skalfand Laxa—A plague of flies—Wonderful fishing—The Harlequin Duck—Abundance of ducks—Reach Myvatn.	  Hi
CHAPTER IV	
TRAVELS IN ICELAND, 1889	. 70
The Icelanders—A well-educated people—Early history- Now deserting the island for America—Love of the ancient sagas—Difficulties with the owners of the farm- Tent life—Flies attack the ponies—An ornithologist paradise—Predatory habits of Skuas—Falcon and See Eagle—Wild Reindeer—Two fine bucks seen—Dettifor the magnificent—Children eating flies—Tameness of the Red-necked Phalarope—The ponies run away—The day gers of river-crossing—The Fiskivatn—Fine sport—Ki a ten-pounder on the fly—Stalk two Wild Swans—The caves of Kalmanstunga—Get amongst quicksands—A be crossing—Shoot two Black-Tailed Godwits—The Sorg an its fish—A fine basket of char—Snowy Owl hunting fis by day—Travel in Iceland—Leave for the Farces—Th Farcese and their mode of life—Herr Muller—No roads— The national dance—Return to Scotland.	ee 's 's 's 's 's 's 's 's 's 'd 'd 'd 'd
CHAPTER V	
ALL SORTS AND CONDITIONS OF MEN	. 104
My father and his tastes—His love of music and bright people—Gladstone—Ignorance of Nature amongst poets—Kipling an exception—Theodore Roosevelt—His earlife and ambitions—His wonderful memory—First meetin with Roosevelt—As a naturalist—Sometimes dogmatio—His versatility—Efforts to raise a Volunteer Corps in the Great War—President Wilson's inconsistency—An unlucky thirteen dinner—Psychic Force—Visit to a medium—	- y 8 - w

PAG

A strange but true prophecy—Philip Ryan—A bad night at Long Harbour—The woman's presence—The story of Ryan's wife—Death of Philip Ryan—Letter from a Micmac Indian—Strange letter from a Russian girl—The Ducks of the World—The difficulties of the undertaking—Gerald Legge—Letter from the Kalahari desert—Lord William Percy on American ducks.

#### CHAPTER VI

#### ARTHUR NEUMANN, PIONEER AND ELEPHANT HUNTER . 188

Residence in Natal-Settles in Swaziland-The Zulu War -Ubandeni thinks the Zulus impregnable-Macleod's courage—Ubandeni's common-sense—Neumann returns to Natal—Hunting on the Sabi and Limpopo Rivers—Goes to Mombasa—Expedition to establish route to the Victoria Nyanza-Nearly speared by a Masai-Railway route discovered—Becomes a magistrate in Zululand—Returns to Mombasa—First big expedition into the interior after elephants—Reaches Mount Kenia—Shoots a wonderful rhinoceros—Kills eleven elephants in one day—Makes head camp at El Bogoi—Visits Lake Rudolph—Some great tuskers—Shebane eaten by a crocodile—Neumann nearly killed by a cow elephant—Shoots three elephants with exceptional tusks—Returns to Mombasa—Neumann's shy disposition but lovable nature—Goes to South Africa to take part in the second Boer War-Joins Bethune's mounted infantry-Nearly killed at Spion Kop-Life in camp at Mount Kenia-Journey up the Tana-Elephant hunting and its dangers—The wonderful Righy rifle— Kills a lion—Returns to Mombasa—Expedition of 1903-Neumann on certain types of big-game hunters and biggame photography—Elephant tusks taken in 1904—Some adventures—Condition of the ivory trade—A bar to his future hunting—A dismal outlook—Arrival in England in 1906—His death—Influence with the natives—One of England's best pioneers—Ignored as usual—His friends the Jacksons-Noomi Jackson-The strange appearance of Neumann after death—Letter of Mrs. Jackson—Selous on reappearance after death-Visit of the author and Macleod to the Jacksons—Opinion of the Society of Psychical Research.

#### CHAPTER VII

SCOTTISH	SALMON-	FISHING	•	•	•	•	•	•	169
Fisher	rmen and	their yar	ns—St	ories	true	$\mathbf{and}$	fictitio	18	

Andrew Lang on fishing—The personal note in sport—Luck—The advantages of local experience—The tyro's chance—Big days—Skill with prawn and minnow—Captain Campbell—Big fish very rare—My father's early experi-

ences—Murthly—Stobhall—He kills a forty-four-pounder—Loses a sixty-pounder—The Thistlebrig stream—A difficult cast—Eels-brig stream—A gallant fish of 36½ lbs. A great day—Capture a forty-six-pounder—Lose a big fish in the Beauly—Kilbary fishing—Sweeny's dishonesty and death—A day at Murthly—Hook a large fish—Follow him into the river—Nearly broken—A long struggle—The fish takes us to Meiklour—A six hours' fight.

#### CHAPTER VIII

Long trek to the Amala River—Some sport on the way—An old trouble—William Judd—Quantities of game—Mabruki—Abundance of antelopes—A hunter's paradise—Nine thousand head of game counted—Shoot a bull wildebeest thousand head of game counted—Shoot a bull wildebeest nocturnal—The African dawn—Early risers—Bird life in forest plain and river edges—Record heads—Find three lionesses—Bring two to bay—My companions arrive—A lively battle—Death of the lions—Good behaviour of gun-bearers—Mabruki's hopes of better vision—Shoot a topi and a zebra—Attacked by driver ants—The Masai—The best of game preservers—Their method of killing lions—Mode of life—The Masai reserves—The bad faith of Governments—Masai Kraals—The Ndorobo—Fine pallah—Their abundance—Pallah hunting—Shoot a good ram—Kill a Sing-Sing bull—Stalking game—Kill another wildebeest bull—Pullar's adventure with the lions—Africa's Wonderland—A happy life—The advantage of physical and mental activity.

#### CHAPTER IX

The Lofodens—The sinking of the India—German and Norwegian spies—Arrival at Solvaer—The Raftsund—The life of the native—Emil Ericksen—The island of Lango—Bird-life—Hunting Golden-eyes—The Goosander in eclipse plumage—Its rarity and shyness—Success at last—Shoot two more specimens—Ripa shooting—Seatrout fishing—The German spy system—Their errors—Norwegian fears of Germany—The feebleness of the Government—Shipping disasters that were avoidable—We are followed by spies—Subsequent action of German spies—Clever up to a certain point—Their stupidity—We avoid a trap—Impudent action of a German U-boat commander—He gets the wrong man.

#### CHAPTER X

2462

#### AN ARCTIC RESIDENCE, 1916

Hammerfest—Its isolated situation—A great fishing port—German interests—Our blockade ineffectual—The attitude of Norway in the Great War—Mainly pro-German-Pre-war German push and activity-Our feeble Foreign Office policy—A vile climate—The fishermen and their work—Seal and walrus hunters—Some habits of the walrus—The Arctic spring and coming of the birds— Sea-eagles and their habits—Ravens and magpies—Hard work and no friends—The difficulties of sending messages -The Norwegians-Their good points-The selfishness of the North—A changing race—Life in a fishing village—The Norseman's love of explosions—A narrow escape—The triumph of summer—Spring floral beauty—Dazzling sunsets—My friend E.—The Lapps—Their nomadic life— Visit to a reindeer camp—The Finns—The Prince of Monaco—Goes flea-hunting—Visit to the island of Rolfso -Search the mountains for reindeer-A long walk-Kill two fine stage—Return to fetch the carcases—Reindeer poschers—The arrival of the U-boats—My information disbelieved—Torpedoing of ships begins—Activities of the German submarines—A rough seaman—Our little disagreement—The Captain goes down the stairs—German agent's anxiety as to my future movements—A Bergen spy.—The last voyage of the Venus—The adventures of the Scottish lady—A bad night—Arrival in Newcastle.

#### CHAPTER XI

#### FEALAR, 1918—HIGHLAND DEER-STALKING

277

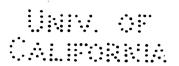
The forest of Fealar-Stalking in war time-The charm of hunting alone—A difficult stalk and a long shot—Unsuccessful stalk in the Tarf valley-Glen Mohr-Foiled by mist—Kill a good ten-pointer—Shoot a fine eleven-pointer —A lucky shot at a royal—Bad weather—A difficult stalk in the mist—Kill two fine stags—Varying luck on the Mar March—Two successful stalks—Lose a good stag in the mist-An abundance of deer-Kill a big eleven-pointer -An interesting crawl-The end of the season.

288

## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

## COLLOTYPE PLATES

FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR	
AN UNEXPECTED MEETING (see p. 142) Frontispiece	page
TWO ANGRY LIONESSES: AMALA RIVER	192
THE MOST NORTHERLY POINT IN EUROPE	272
THE BEST-HORNED STAG SELDOM GETS THE HINDS .	288
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS	
FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS	
STUDY OF A WAPITI	16
BREAKING IN AND BRANDING A WILD BRONCHO	82
A GROUSE DRIVE IN SCOTLAND	48
BIRD LIFE ON THE COAST OF ICELAND	54
CROSSING THE FJORD AT AKUYRERI	58
THIRTY TROUT CAUGHT IN THE SKALFANDI LAXA, 175 LBs.	64
ICELAND PONIES	80
A DAY'S SPORT AT FISKIVATN (THE LARGEST TROUT WEIGHED 10 LBS.)	86
A FAROE ISLANDER IN NATIONAL COSTUME	102
A GOOD DAY'S SALMON-FISHING ON THE MURTHLY WATER, RIVER TAY (15 FISH, 2 RODS, OCT. 9, 1889. AVERAGE	
··	176
ALASKAN MOOSE-HEAD ORNAMENTED WITH HUNTING SCENES	224



## WANDERINGS AND MEMORIES

#### CHAPTER I

#### WHEN I WAS YOUNG

ONE autumn day in 1871 a little boy of six stood in a garden in Scotland, lost in contemplation of an old muzzle-loading gun leaning against a hedge. Duncan the gardener had left it there-loaded, of course, and at full cock—and gone to his dinner. The small man was torn with doubts and fears. Being convinced of the inefficiency of a crude catabult he had purchased at old Thomas Lee's shop in George Street, Perth; now he saw before him visions of real slaughter amongst the sparrows sitting amongst the pea-sticks, for he was a hunter by instinct. Had he not seen Duncan fire off that terrible weapon without suffering personal damage? He wanted to handle real dead game shot by himself, and the temptation proved irresistible, although he knew sore limbs and a possible thrashing for touching loaded firearms might ensue.

After balancing the gun on a spade-handle and pulling both triggers at once, he knew of nothing but stars for a moment, and then found himself lying on his back with a damaged arm and singing head. He made certain, too, his jaw was broken. Worst of all, there was no game to retrieve. Where-

# 2 WANDERINGS AND MEMORIES

fore then and there he made a vow that all the blandishments and temptations in the world could not induce him to fire a gun again in his lifetime. The consequences were too fearful, and how Duncan had the strength and courage to do it he could not understand. Duncan, indeed, must be a Hercules at least, and therefore entitled to intense respect.

After this unfortunate episode, the desire to possess specimens of birds being undiminished. I resolved to study and achieve some skill with that much misunderstood little weapon, the catapult, as it seemed to offer certain possibilities of being made fairly accurate, and could not, at any rate, mangle its user in the same way as firearms. I practised assiduously, but it was not until I went to Marlborough, at the age of eleven, that another boy, named "Viper" Clark, who was a splendid shot, initiated me into the mysteries of the small. square "tweaker" elastic-how to put on the bag and make a hard fork from privet, properly burnt in the flame of a candle. He also instructed me in several important items, such as weight of shot according to size of elastic, shape and use of chamoisleather bag, how to adjust rubber to fork and bag to avoid fraying in use, and, most important of all, how to keep elastic at the right temperature. All these and other details are essential to the boy who would achieve success with the insignificant little "tweaker," and I worked so hard to improve my shooting—being then perfectly absorbed both in the hunting and preservation of my specimens that I soon surpassed my master, and became the leader of a gang of what my tutors described as "undisciplined young reprobates, who spent their

time fighting with town boys or wandering aimlessly in the forest."

In consequence, although my ornithological collection benefited by over two hundred species of British birds, the four years spent at Marlborough were marked by constant trouble and disgrace. although personally I never felt I was doing anything to be ashamed of. I was the only boy who ever went through Marlborough and was birched by the Head Master four times (all for catapulting) without being expelled. Boys were warned by their parents against me as being a bad character, and at that time my very harmless offence was bracketed in the category of the worst crimes. At Eton and other schools no one thinks much of a "swishing," but at Marlborough, between the years 1878-1881, a boy swished by the Head Master was considered to be quite beyond the pale, and if the punishment was repeated he was usually expelled with ignominy. No master at that time seemed to have the faintest notion that a boy could be so absorbed in the collection of specimens of natural history that he would take all risks, both of corporal punishment and lines (which were worse), as well as being held up to disgrace, for the sake of his hobby. With me the obsession was like that of a dog who has killed a sheep, there was no cure, so I went through some of the happiest as well as the bitterest times of my life under a cloud of universal reprobation.

Only "Dicky" Richardson, the master of the lower school, used to be interested in the sketches I did in the forest. When he left Marlborough as an old man a few years ago, his pupils subscribed

## 4 WANDERINGS AND MEMORIES

a gift of £100 so that he might buy any present he fancied, and thus he wrote to me: "The boys have given me £100 to do with as I like, and the first thing I shall do with it is to buy all your books and present them to the school library. I always believed in you, and knew you would make good." That was very nice of him, but somehow I wish he had said that to me when I was young and wanted some encouragement and help. It would have meant so much.

Though it is probable that some of the punishments were well deserved, it was not always the case. The severest imposition I received was for an act committed by another boy. One day, coming off the playing-fields, I met my friend "Viper," and he showed me a long-range catapult he had just made, and to exhibit its accuracy he fired three shots at a hen walking in Lynes' farmyard, about eighty vards away. The aim of the third was so good that it took the unfortunate bird in the head and rolled it over in the throes of death. At this moment one of Lynes' men appeared on the scene, and grasping the situation, at once ran up the hill towards us. The correct policy would have been to have stood our ground, but "Viper," being seized with panic, ran for the Porter's Lodge. I accompanied him. At the very moment that my friend placed his catapult and shot under some cushions, the Porter came out, and Lynes' man arriving in hot haste on the scene, we were fairly caught.

Next day, much to the disgust of my House Master, F. E. Thompson, we were hailed before the Head Master, the Rev. G. C. Bell, to whom "Viper" honourably admitted the offence, and explained that I had been merely a spectator, and in no way connected with the death of the hen. After giving me a lecture, the "Head" "swished" Viper and acquitted me. Not so my House Master, who made me come in every afternoon of the half-holidays during the whole of the summer term and write out Milton's "Paradise Lost" twice over. Seeing that the Head Master had absolved me from blame, I thought it was a most unfair and even inhuman punishment, and ever afterwards I bore a grudge against "Jick" and loathed Milton and all his works.

I had many adventures in the course of my wanderings in the forest of Savernake and "out of bounds" up and down the River Kennet. The following incident is one that always remains in my mind, as it afforded myself and many other boys much amusement.

At all public schools there is always a master who does not play games, and is chiefly concerned in doing police work in the neighbouring country, accompanied by boys who act as his toadies and spies. His object is to arrest marauders like myself, who are ever breaking out of bounds and performing illegal acts contrary to school discipline. Though all my time was spent within his sphere of influence, I had always managed to outwit "Pat" Drury and his satellites, and, though arrested by others, he had so far failed to catch me flagrante delicto.

One summer afternoon I was busily pursuing a flock of Longtailed Tits in the forest of Savernake, being then about two hundred yards from the edge of the forest, and was in the act of shooting, when, happening to glance around, I saw "Pat" advanc-

ing towards me with rapid strides. It was the work of a moment to put my cap over my face and run for the forest edge, where there was a high beechtree, which I had once been up for a Stock Dove's nest. I had a good start, and reached this tree some two hundred yards ahead of my pursuer. Being then a good climber, and guessing that Pat was a poor one, it was not long before I was sixty feet up, and well concealed amidst the leafy branches. "Pat" paused at the foot of the tree and called out—

"Come down at once, boy, I know who you are." For a moment I hesitated, and then, as he had not mentioned my name, I remained perdu.

After a time he tried blandishments and then threats, even giving my name, but in such a doubtful manner that I knew he was not certain. Accordingly I remained perfectly quiet. Pat sat at the foot of the tree for an hour, and then got up and marched off down the hill to where a stile intercepted some fields leading to the railway line, which he would have to cross in going to the school.

Now from my elevated perch I had a very clear view of the line, and as I did not see him cross it, I concluded he had hidden himself somewhere near the stile and was waiting for me to fall into his clutches. Another half an hour went by, when suddenly I saw his figure outlined against the sky crossing the railway between two trucks.

A brilliant idea then seized me. Supposing I could reach the school ahead of "Pat," I could prove an *alibi*. It was possible but not probable, but I resolved to try it by a way I knew.

About a quarter of a mile above the Kennet Bridge, the main road to the school, and above "Treacle Bolly" (a long line of trees), was a narrow part of the river which it was possible to ford in summer. This point lay amidst water meadows almost opposite the school chapel, whose gates were kept locked. The great obstacle to entering the school by this route was the high and spiked palings, about eleven feet high, round the school quadrangle. I had never been over them, and doubted my ability to climb them, but resolved to try as my only chance.

Rapidly descending the beech, I ran all the way down the chalk hills, avoided the Kennet Bridge, where Pat might still be waiting, raced through "Treacle Bolly," and pulling off my trousers, socks and boots, waded the river, which took me to the armpits. Once on the other side, I redressed and stuffed my shirt, which had, of course, become soaked, into my trousers, and then ran across the meadows till I reached the high palings of the school quadrangle. Their height and formidable appearance at first appalled me, but it had to be done.

These iron palings, with long spikes on the top, were more or less hidden from view from the school side by a row of lime-trees, so, although the court-yard was crowded—it was "call" time—only a few boys saw my ineffectual efforts to climb the railings. I got to the top, and managed to get one leg over, when, slipping on the spikes, one of them went clean through my coat and held me fast. Had it not been for the help of two good Samaritans, who came to the rescue and released first the coat and then myself. I should have been forced to call for

help, and that would have made a scene, and possibly called the attention of some meddlesome Sixth Form boy or a master.

Once in safety I found one of my friends, and instructed him to watch the main road approach to the Porter's Lodge and to tell of the advent of "Pat" Drury. Scarce a minute elapsed when he announced the coming of the master, so, taking my friend's arm, we strolled out, and as we passed him took off our caps in the approved fashion.

"Pat" stood perfectly still in the middle of the road staring at me. He was too much astonished even to say a word. I had proved an alibi.

The result of this little adventure, of course, became school gossip, and it was not long before "Pat" heard how he had been outwitted. No master likes being made fun of, and, though the boys enjoyed the joke, the subject thereof swore he would lay himself out to catch me, and how he eventually succeeded is another story.

As all who have been at public schools know, there is always a certain rivalry and even enmity between the boys of the school and those of the town. Marlborough was not different from other places. There were groups of rough boys who liked to get up a fight on some pretext, and take what they considered some of the conceit out of the boys of the college. Fights of any magnitude were rare, but there was one small gang, led by a big red-haired boy named Dixon, who used stones and catapults, and who never failed to attack my little band whenever opportunity offered.

Dixon was my arch-enemy, and was a good shot. I had had two single-handed duels with him. In the first I got the worst of it, having run out of ammunition. He then caught me, and being a much bigger and stronger boy, gave me a good thrashing. Some months afterwards we met again one day in "Treacle Bolly" and had a battle royal, each from behind a tree at a distance of about twenty-five yards. He hit me twice, and then, as he raised his right hand to shoot, I got him exactly right on the knuckles, when he dropped his catapult and fairly howled. Then he ran, and I got him twice more before he was out of shot. His catapult I still have as a trophy of the chase.

The end of my days at Marlborough had arrived, and I was to leave the school, and was not sorry. Having escaped detection for a whole year, my supposititious virtue resulted in an invitation to breakfast with the Head Master, "Ullage," a great honour. He was very kind, and hoped I would now lead a "new" life, and had given up catapulting; and I remember his Wiltshire sausages were of the best. That afternoon my chosen band, Miller, Mangles, Cayley, and two others, whose names I forget, went for a grand final foray in the forest. We were all well armed and had plenty of shot. It had been a great day, and we had each killed several birds and were in high spirits as we descended the last hill of the downs near Kennet Bridge. At this

<sup>1 &</sup>quot;Ullage" was the school nickname for the Very Reverend Canon Bell. One day he asked the Sixth Form the meaning of the word "ullage," and no one could answer him. So he took down a dictionary and read out with solemnity, "Ullage—all filth." That name stuck to him all his years at Marlborough. He was a good, kind man, and we all respected him.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Captain Miller, the famous polo player.

<sup>\*</sup> Arthur Cayley, a well-known angler and sportsman.

moment a band of town boys emerged from the foot of the hill and advanced towards us. We were in no mood for fighting. Each group passed the other eyeing one another like two dogs that remember former battles.

Dixon made some sneering remark, but, as all our weapons were ready and loaded, he passed on. It was, however, only the lull before the storm.

The critical moment seemed to have passed. when a severe blow and a stinging sensation on the inside of my right leg made me almost drop to the ground. One of the town boys had hit me with a small stone, and I still carry the mark of the cut. Arthur Cavley whipped round and got to work at once, and in less than a minute we were all in the thick of as fierce a fight with shot and stones as I ever remember. Our opponents mustered about twenty. They had Dixon, who was a good shot, and about seven others with large catapults, the rest using stones, whilst our five were all picked shots using small "tweakers," which up to thirty vards have a considerable accuracy. Singling out Dixon, whom I knew was the leader and the most dangerous man, in the first minute I hit him in the face. Owing to this success we advanced. and the faint-hearted ones soon broke and ran. shortly afterwards followed by the rest.

Perhaps we ought to have been satisfied at this success, but our blood was up, and we chased the enemy right up over the hill and across the line, where they took up a formidable position on a long stone-heap lying parallel with the railway, whilst we in turn got cover from some trucks. An indecisive engagement then ensued for some ten

minutes, when, on the advent of a small urchin from the town, we retired into a "loose box," and gave the boy sixpence to go across the no man's land and say we had retired.

A great surprise attack must be the coup de grâce, and how eagerly we watched the "Townees" leave their fortifications and come across to our lately occupied trenches! As they stooped to pass through the trucks we leaped out upon them, and then the squeals of pain, the result of shots at close range, were only broken by a rush of newcomers in the shape of "Pat" Drury and his satellites. We were fairly caught. A sad ending indeed to a great day.

Next morning we stood in a line before the "Head," and I could not help thinking how different were the circumstances of the moment to those of the previous day.

The Rev. G. C. Bell gave us the usual homily on the dastardly nature of our offence, adding—

"As for you, Millais, I fear you are quite incorrigible and will come to a bad end. What on earth do you do it for?"

I could only hang my head, but blurted out-

"For scientific purposes, sir."

"Good Heavens, boy!" he gasped; "do you mean to say that catapulting small (sic) boys in the region of the—er—er—posterior can be done for the sake of science?"

Then followed the usual harrowing scene, in which the Head Master, two strong Sixth Form boys, a birch and a struggling victim played their parts. "Ullage" was always supposed to be very "slack" and half asleep, but I know, having tested